## Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON MISSOURL

LOOKING AHEAD.

What does the New Year hold for us?
Smiles for our lips, or pain and tears?
Hopes fulfilled, or a broken dream
To hide away with the vanished years?

"O, sweet New Year," the maiden sings,
Smalling her tresses with thoughtful eyes
"Bring me the lover I dream about,"
And weaves her fancies of Paradise.

and thinking of him she is waiting for, The roses of summer are blossoming out to her cheeks. Oh, the summer of life and is bers which the poets have sung abou

Bring me a battle to fight and win; Fame, and a place with the b The young man says, as he sits and dreams, While the fire dies low on the silent hearth.

"And bring me a heart that is tender and True,
To love and keep while the years go by,"
and the shadows are gathering, close and While he dreams his dreams of the by and by.

Bring us rest from the wearisome strife;
Tired of the din in the march of men,
We would halt awhile in the tramp of life
Ere we take our burdens and march
again."

The worn and the weary breathe the prayer For rest, with a longing to hide away From the hurrying crowd, and the woe and Which fill the measure of each long day.

Perhaps the year that is born to-day
Will bring my feet to the gates of God,"
The old man says, as he looks away
To the hills by the feet of his dear one

And he longs for the time of his entering it To find the youth that has gone away
In the long New Year of the other world
Where the friends of the dead years wait
to-day.

Oh, the hopes and dreams we cherish!
Some must perish in the frost
Of life's sorrows, as the blossoms
Of the summer-time are lost.

But we'll hope for Heaven's great glad

After earthly ills and tears,
That may come in the to-morrows
Of the fast-advancing years.

—Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Advance.

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

An Episode of New Year's Eve. It was our first winter in Springfield. You know the winters in Illinois are not the most enjoyable of the seasons. Yet the change from the great farm with its absolute isolation to even the muddy surroundings of our new house in fown was upon the whole new house in town was, upon the whole, Pleasant.
Our new house was in the outskirts of the

city, near the water-works, which were also new enough to be a novelty to others as well

Our father, John Livingstone, came to Illinois when there were hardships to encounter; when neighbors were few, and when schools and churches were wide apart. But, then, so many others have had the same experience, there is nothing peculiar in that. It is not usual for those stundy farmers to resign the care of their farms and herds for the dull life of small towns or even cities like Spring-

"It is all to give you girls a better chance, that he has built that house in the city," was the explanation given us—sister Kate and I—by old Captain Fenwick, a neighbor. a better chance also?" was Kate's quick re-

tort.

"Well, to tell you the truth," and he laughed and hesitated a little, "I think my girls have improved their chances quite well enough. One gone already, and another to go next month, perhaps. Only Nell left us then. You young ones don't know how lonely an old house is when all the girls have

gone out forever."
The old man sighed and turned away his head a little. It must be sad to see the last one go, although we have a fashion of saying they are glad to get rid of us.

Those Fenwick girls were bright, pretty

improved their chances well enough.
Sister Kate and I were plainer. Not many beaus came to us; and, somehow, those who came were the least desirable. There might have been several grains of truth in Captain Fenwick's jest that it was to give us a better chance, this removal from the city. And we both silently felt it. too.

both silently felt it, too.

"But, Captain, you will send Nellie up to
ge with us to the Governor's ball at New
Year's?" said Kate to him, at parting, and I

joined her in the request.
"Yes, if mother is willing and Nell thinks she has a dress fine enough to appear in in company with you gay city ladies." "We are not yet gay city ladies, and you know very well that she has as fine as we have."

That was our mutual response. "Then I think you may expect her, and good-by."
"Good-by."

The old man went his way, feeling, as we could see, a little sad at the loss of his pretty girls. He had scarcely gone out of sight before I heard a "Hello!" at the gate. You must know that all farmers keep one or more dogs, which animals, while they are kind enough to us, have no love for strangers. When we hear a call we go out since

kind enough to us, have no love for strangers. When we hear a call we go out, since it would not in general be safe for any one to venture inside the yard alone.

This visitor at the gate was John Goodwin, a young lawyer from Springfield, who seemed to be more fond of hunting over the fields than hunting over his authorities for his allents?

clients' cases.

He had a gun and some prairie chickens.

Good morning, Miss Livingstone. Is
your father at home?'

Good morning, sir. Father is not at

home, but will you come in?"
"If I may, for a little," he answered, and fastening his game to the saddle, he came up the walk to the house.

John Goodwin was not by any means a stranger; we had known him a little for three or four years. Common report said that he was an admirer, if not a beau, of Nellie Fenwick's. He certainly visited the Fen-wicks oftener than any other family of the neighborhood. In fact, he was such pleasint, good company that he was welcome any-

where among us.

As he came up to the veranda and shook hands with me, he said, laughing:

"I know you consider me a worthless fellow, Miss Fanny, to be hunting half the time. I have no hope of pardon from you, but possibly Miss Kate will be more lenient."

Kate was just behind me, ready to greet him. Then we all went into the house.
"And how is Nelly Fenwick to-day?" inquired Kate, audaciously. "You have been

there, of course."

He fairly blushed under her quizzing.
"Yes, I was there, and found her looking very charming," he answered.
"Was it kind of you to run away so soon?
But, then, Fan and I ought to appreciate the compliment, since neither of us can be called charming without the grossest flatsalled charming without the grossest flatquirements of society.

But, Miss Kate, you might be doing both your sister and yourself gross injustice, you know." heginning to recover the lost

He was beginning to recover the lost

here and ask his innocent daughters if their the ball none of us had ever attended; and rearranging the flowers in my hair. I there was at home. Next time when you can you wonder, then, that country girls, had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in my corsage which needed setting in position.

All this occupied fifteen minutes or more. The wine was below in the sitting-room ball?

The wine was below in the sitting-room to the control of the sitting of the control of the c

sudden discomfiture, when our father came

"That is right, young people; laugh while you may; it is much the best. Here, Fan, take care of this for me, please."

He tossed me a great roll of money, and then sat down to join in the pleasantry.

"Mr. Livingstone," said John Goodwin, "do you think it is safe to keep large sums of money so in your house? The country is overrun with tramps who are bold and desperate enough to commit any crime, even murder, to obtain such a sum of money as that."

Father laughed carelessly. "Fan is my banker, and she has always kept the cash account correctly. But how can I help it, having now and then large sums in the house? When we wish to buy cattle or stock of any kind, we can not always go to the bank at the moment for money; we must have it ready beforehand."

must have it ready beforehand."

"Let us hope you will never have trouble from doing so," said Mr. Goodwin, gravely.

I put away the money, but I could not help feeling a little disturbed at the grave, earnest look John Goodwin gave me. But, then, why feel disturbed? Here was a package of four thousand doilars, a good sum—but had I not been custodian to five times that sum and no harm resulted from it? and no harm resulted from it?

"In two weeks we shall leave the farm and move into our new house,', said our father. "It is ready now; but new houses are always damp, and we shall be safer in it two weeks hence than p.w. And, Mr. Goodwin, while speaking of money, I have bought a small safe for the new house. I am not afraid to risk my money out here without a safe but in town you are not all of you so safe, but in town you are not all of you so honest as we are in the country."
"I am really glad you have done it," he said, and then added, "chiefly for Miss Fan-

ny's sake." "Pooh! she don't feel any weight of re-sponsibility. In fact, I rather believe she is rather proud of playing banker. Is it not

I was scarcely proud of the responsibility. but I was certainly not afraid of any risk I

but I was certainly not alraid of any risk I ran, and I said so.

"Then I am afraid for you. I wish you were not banker," said John Goodwin, in that same grave way, unusual with him.

Then the girl came to call us to dinner. I remembered afteward that she suddenly darted back out of the room when she saw a gentleman there. I was a little amused at gentleman there. I was a little amused at it, and thought it a bit of ludicrous modesty on the part of Sarah which her ordinary de-

meanor did not quite warrant.

Then we went into the dining-room. Sarah had disappeared with a sudden toothache, leaving Mary, the cook, to wait upon the ta-

ble. But there was nothing strange in that except the suddenness of the attack. Before John Goodwin went away there was more sharp banter between him and sister Kate, which we all enjoyed. But at length the conversation drifted into another channel, and John Goodwin told us a little of himself and his career which was new to us. He had at one time been prosecuting attempts in Chicago. attorney in Chicago. While performing the duties of that office he had broken up and sent to State-prison a gang of burglars which had been a terror to all honest citizens. The wife of the leader of the gang, under pretense of seeking his services toward effecting her husband's release, tried to assassinate him in his own office.

"When even the women tried to kill me," and he smiling as though it was only a

said he, smiling as though it was only a trifle, "I thought I would confine myself to ordinary practice and let some other ambitious young lawyer take the fame and conse-

quences of the public office."

"You take it lightly," said father, "and so much the better." Mr. Goodwin had risen now to go.

"When we are settled in town we shall expect you to be more friendly and visit us often. Then we all went out on the veranda.

where the good-bys were said. John Good-win mounted his horse and rode away. As we turned to go in, I happened to look up at the window of my own room, and was not a little surprised at seeing through the light curtains the face of Sarah, evidently watch-

was, of course, satisfactory. Her toothache soon disappeared, and the whole matter was forgotten.
I ought to have mentioned before that sis-

ter Kate and I were joint mistresses of father's house. Our dear mother died when iris, and it was true, as he said, they had improved their chances well enough. first bitter sorrow, and our father had un-"Kate is not pretty, although she is saucy; she may marry; but Fan (myself) is too plain, quiet and old-fashioned to get married. There is no occasion for me to ever think of marrying again.

ried. There is no occasion for me to ever think of marrying again, since I am certain of always having a good housekeeper."

This was a frequent speech of our father's—a little tantalizing, and possibly true; but all of us hoped otherwise. For there is no girl or woman, however plain and unattractive she may be, but desires the honest, true love of some worthy man; and hopes on to the end that she will receive it. It is not a thing to be ashamed of—it is nature. In due time we left the old hou-e on the farm for the new one in the city, taking with

us our servant-girls, Mary, the cook, and alters life so as to leave out the simplicity and naturalness of the farm. Yet I doubt if

where as there is in rural life.

The transition from an old house to a new one requires a good deal of perplexing toil.

The proper adaptation of the household treasures and conveniences involves consul-tation, deep thought, and additional toil. A removal into a new house must be a sort of domestic calamity. Yet when fairly domi-ciled beneath a new roof, it is very pleasant to receive and entertain the friends who tes-

ify their respect for you by visiting. John Goodwin was now a frequent visitor at our house. Father said he came to see Kate. She said he came to see me. Whatever I may have really thought, I said that his visits seemed to be only friendly ones to

the family.

One thing was certain, John Goodwin's visus were very pleasant; and no one was more welcome than he was. I may say that more welcome than he was. I may say that with propriety.

"Nonsense, "may of us always present? Then, who knows but ourselves if there is a dollar in the house?"

While this conversation was going on I will be closet, putting the money in the

much with propriety.

No sooner were we settled in the new house than father was seized with one of his periodical cattle-buying fits. We begged of him to rest a little and enjoy his ease, but in vain. In Illinois this desire to trade in cattle becomes, like intemperance or the opium habit, a mania.

Being custodian or banker for the money used in this cattle trade, I found the new safe mentioned before a thing of great con-Since this safe was destined to act a part not expected of it, a description of its loca-tion will serve to make more clear what is first before even the pleasure of the Govern-

In the sitting-room, up-stairs, was a large same width as the cleset, some woodwork. added after the safe was in place, fastened

quirements of society.

We made some very pleasant new ac

quaintances; and, since we did not lose any old friends by being a little greater distance from them, the removal was a gain of some-

ground.

"Mr. Goodwin, didn't you meet father this morning on the Springfield road?" Kate this morning on the Springfield road?" Kate suddenly demanded. He was fairly scarlet under her impertinence. "Yes, I see from your looks you did; and yet you could come here and ask his innocent daughters if their father was at home. Next time when you father was at home. Next time when you father was at home. Next time when you call to see the daughters—and you know we call to see the daughters—and you know we call to see you—why not ask for the daughters?"

The daughters?"

John Goodwin, didn't you meet father thing. So the daysand weeks rolled by until the holidays were at hand. The parties and social gatherings of the country were simple affairs, with so little of formality or eeremony that a stranger might almost call them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; can you wonder, then, that country girls can you wonder, then, that country girls can you wonder then, that country girls. The daughters—and you know we wonder then, that country girls can you wonder then rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; and you wonder them rude. A genu So the daysand weeks rolled by until the

quent visitor. There were a great many jokes bandled among the family concerning his visits. Whether he did or did not suspect something of this, he was singularly impartial in his attentions to Kate and myself. We both liked him. We could not be lealous of each other; yet I think each would have felt a greatful sense of relief had he been more marked or positive in his attentions to sixty.

been more marked or positive in his attentions to either.

John Goodwin entered heartily into all our plans for the holiday festivities, and especially this crowning effort, the ball at the Governor's mansion New Year's Eve. He had attended a great many similar balls and so could give a good many hints.

Ten days before New Year's Nelly Fenwick came to visit us and spend the holidays, but most of all to go with us to this, our first ball.

Father was absent a good deal, and the

made John Goodwin's constant visits all the more desirable. He was our escort to nearly every place we went, and it came about so quietiv and naturally that we scarcely thought of going even to church without him. He was to be our escort to the ball, until

He was to be our escort to the ball, until young Burnett, who had become desperately smitten with Nelly, insisted upon taking her. Then it was managed that Kate should go with them and John Goodwin should fall to me alone. I was afraid it was not quite agreeable to him, and begged him to take Kate and let me go with Nelly. When I had said this to him a few nights before, I was surprised but not displeased at what followed.

"Do you prefer to go with them rather than with me?" he asked, with one of his grave, sober looks.
"No, but I thought you would be better

pleased to have it so."
"I am best pleased to have you to myself; so don't alter the present arrangements."

That of course settled it; but, although I was pleased that he should declare his preference for my company, there was no ground for feeling it was more than the courtesy any gentleman may show a lady.

All through the holidays we were busy making, altering, planning, devising new adornments for this, our first, ball. There

adornments for this, our first, ball. There was a dressmaker in the house all the time, and our own fingers had not been idle. It had proved a serious matter to our young and inexperienced heads.

The last day of the old year had come, and the finishing touches had been given to our ball dresses. Another serious matter was the hair dressing. The coiffure has so much to do with one's general appearance that it is no trifle to choose just that style most becoming to the wearer, and yet accord properly with the dress and its comcomitants. Older heads than ours have pondered long Older heads than ours have pondered long over it and then gone wrong. Experiment

is the surest way.

Nellie and Kate had dressed my hair in what they conceived to be the most becoming way; then the new ball dress was put on to try the effect. They were criticising and suggesting changes when father came in. He stopped at the door a moment and surveyed us. We expected to hear a good-natured laugh at our serious vanity.

"Bless me, little girl!" he said, catching me suddenly in his arms and kissing me, "I never saw you look like that before; and —and—I don't know whether I ought to

laugh or cry." There were tears in his eyes, actually—the dear old father. Then he had all our arms around his neck, until he broke loose from

us, laughing.
Sarah, our house-girl, had come to the
door for something, and stood there, keenly watching this unusual performance. When father was on his feet, he took out two small packages, and tossing them into Kate's lap and mine, said:

It was so unexpected, and so much, too, that the arms went around his neck again.
"Well, Sarah," said he, at last, "the girls But what was she doing in my room?

As we crossed the hall Sarah came down the stairs with her face tied up and smelling of you. What is it?"

Sarah was duly attended to and sent her Sarah was duly attended to and sent her to the window and raised it, but for my

powerfully of camphor.

"You were engaged, Miss Fanny, and I didn't like to trouble you, but I took the liberty to use your camphor bottle for my tooth."

That explained her going to my room, and was, of course, satisfactory. Her toothache was, of course, satisfactory. Her toothache go down and tell him to please excuse the young ladies, for they must have one dress rehearsal for the ball.

Of course, that would not do at all, and he was shown up, to join in the laugh against

place her.'

"She came to us in the country first; but she did not wear goggles then. She is neat and capable, but very queer sometimes," I Then I opened the closet door to go to the safe with our presents. Vanity perhaps prompted me to stop and show them to Mr.

Sarah, the house-girl.

When one's whole life has been passed on a farm, any change seems a great one that alters life so as to leave out the simplicity and naturalness of the farm. Yet I doubt if there be equal and constant happiness elsewhere as there is in rural life.

is too great a risk, Only an hour ago I received a dispatch from Jacksonville, asking me to come there to identify some burglars whom I had once sent to State-prison. McAfee, the leader of the gang, and whose wife tried to kill me once, is said to be hid-time there is in rural life. here, Miss Fanny, to tell you this, and ask you to wait an hour later for me to get back from Jacksonville to-night. May I ask?"

"Certainly, why not?"
I think I would have given up the ball if he had asked me to do so, much as I hoped to enjoy it. ... Thanks: then I must leave you and run

to my train. Good-by till 10 o'clock, then." And he hurried away. We watched him,

running half the time, as he went rapidly down the street.
"You had better go to the bank with his money, father," said Kate, seriously.

"Nonsense; why, who is going to rob this house with so many of us always present?
Then, who knows but ourselves if there is a

was in the closet, putting the money in the safe. As I came out it certainly seemed—for it was only a presentiment—there must be some person besides myself in the closet. With that feeling I turned back and looked

for a moment at everything in it, but there for a moment at everything in it, but there was nothing unusual.

At eight o'clock a cattle trader called and took father back with him to his hotel. A little later Mr. Burnett came with a carriage for Nelly and Kate. They left the house in high glee, laughing at me and my matter-of-fact escort, who attended to his business first before even the pleasure of the Govern-

but narrow closet. This safe was placed at the further end of the closet. Being of the win would come, I felt tired and weary alwin would come, I felt tired and weary already. I rang the be'l for Mary, the cook, thinking I would have her make me a cup of strong coffee before going. Sarah answered

> "I want Mary; please tell her to come up a moment." a moment."
> "Mary has just gone out for a little. Her cousin called for her."
> This was not agreeable news. I did not care to leave the house alone with Sarah.
> "Is it anything I can do for you, Miss

"No: but you can look after the kitchen fire and see that there is hot water when I I would make the coffee myself when Mr. Goodwin came. But I would have a glass of

take the wine. If the train was on time Mr.

take the wine. If the train was on time Mr. Goodwin would be punctual to the minute. I knew he would thank me for a cup of strong, hot coffee after his ride. I waited. It only wanted ten minutes of the time when he should come, and I was both impatient and nervous. I was listening to that tiresome pattering of the reservoir fountain. I heard footsteps in the sitting-room below; it must be Sarah; but why was she there? There was a light in the diningroom, but none in the kitchen, and I could hear some one still moving as if in the hall below.

below.

Going out into the hall and looking down from the head of the stairs, I saw the light shining out from the sitting-room. She must have left the door open.

I ran down to the sitting-room. The door was open, and going in, the closet door was also open. My heart was in my mouth, but I stepped quickly to the closet. Some one was in it with a light!

I was ready to drop with terror for a moment. Then my hand rested on the key in the door. Quick as the thought came to me, I closed the door and locked it. The sharp click of the lock must have alarmed the person within, for in an instant some one tried the door. There was a muttered curse in a man's voice.

man's voice.
"Mag, you devil! open the door." "Mag, you devil! open the door."
There was a great, old lounge or sofa against the wall just beyond the door; in a moment more I drew this against the door and sat down on it. By this time the trapped man in the closet was beating and banging at the door furiously. I had him secured for a little time fast enough, but what

if there were more down stairs!

That thought nearly took my breath away.
Then my burglar was still for a little, and I heard the dining-room door open. Some one was listening, perhaps. Then the door closed softly. My burglar was still silent. In a secretary drawer close by was father's revolver, and I had the key. In a moment more I had the pistol in my hand. Every chamber was loaded, and I knew well how to use it. Every Illinois girl does not.

I went lightly down the stairs and then could hear the chinking cound of the silver.

could hear the chinking sound of the silver-ware which some one was handling in the dining-room.

Good luck favored me again. The key was in the door and on the outside. I locked

Then I hastened back to the burglar in the closet. He was strangely silent. Then I heard the soft cutting sound of a knife in the door. He was cutting one of the panels out

of the door.
I could not bear to shoot him dead, but I would stop his work on the door. I could tell from the sounds of his feet that he was standing to one side of the panel he was cut-

I sent a bullet through that panel, and the report of the pistol frightened me more than the burglar had. There was a perfect torrent of oaths. It put out his light, too, for I could see through the hole that it was not light inside. He was

"Caught again, - - !" he exclaimed. I sat there with my revolver cocked waiting for what was to come next. If the burglar down stairs released himself, could I defend myself against him, too? What if he,

Oh, if John Goodwin would but come And Sarah, where was she?
In less than ten minutes all this had hap-Pened, but it seemed an age.

But there was no alternative but to sit there in an agony of dread, with no other sound save the horrible, tireless pattering of the water falling from the fountain in the

reservoir.
Then suddenly a window rattled below as packages, and tossing them into Kate's lap and mine, said:

"Lettle girls, your Christmas didn't come this year until New Year's; but here it is at last."

Each package was a roll of bills, which proved to be ten bank-notes of five hundred dollars each.

It was so unexpected, and so much ton.

can not tell; probably not many, but the sus-pense was fairly horrible.

At last there was a sound of carriage

The sound stopped before the door. I flew to the window and raised it, but for my life I could not articulate a sound. But I dropped the door key at his feet, and he looked up in astonishment. Then my voice

"Let yourself in and come up quick!" Then I staggered back to my seat on the sofa. I don't think I was quite conscious of his being in the room until he stood over "For Heaven's sake, Fanny, what ha

happened?"
I could only point with the revolver to the He came in, looking his gravest.

"What a singular-looking girl," he said,
"this Sarah is, with her blue goggles. Where did you get her? There is something in that girl's face strangely familiar, and yet I can't place her?"

"Burglars! And are they in the closet of the closet."

" Yes." This last in a whisper. At that moment there was a sound in the hall: looking up we saw Sarah standing in the door, her strange eyes flaming. "Ah ha, Margaret McAffee! This is your job, is it?" he cried. She darted back, but he was too quick for

Goodwin.

"But you are not going to keep such a large sum as that—ten thousand dollars—here in the house, are you?"

"Yes," said father. "When Fan carries the key to the safe, it is all right."

"No, Mr. Livingstone, it is all wrong. It is the said was a lamb."

"Please go down and ask the dr.ver to come up with some straps."

ged her into the room; she fierce as a tigress.

"Give me the revolver, Fanny," he said, and in an instant Sarah was quiet as a lamb.

"Please go down and ask the dr.ver to come up with some straps."

I did as he directed me.

The driver came up presently with several straps, quite sufficient to secure Sarah. Then the sofa was drawn away, the closet door unlocked and the man inside made to step out. When he saw his wife secured there in the room he took it coolly, and there in the room he took it coolly, and smiled at her—she was crying hitterly.

"They've got us dead to rights, Mag; so don't make a fuss over it."

Then he, too, was secured, and the driver ran out for a policeman. While we were there guarding our prison ers the bell rang and father came; so that when the officers came there was a considerable gathering. Then they took the pris-

oners away.
"And how about the ball, Fan? Goodness, little girl, how white you are!" said her father. That is all I remember of it. Half an hour later the first consciousness revealed the

fact that some one was kissing my forhead, and chafing my hands in a strange, tender way. It was not father, for he came in a moment afterward, with Mary just behind him, her hands full of restoratives. They were not needed.

"It is too bad to spoil your pleasure, Mr. Goodwin, and it is not too late yet for you to go to the bail."

"Without you?" he asked sharply. "Why, yes: I should only have my head full of burglars and pistols. I still feel like shooting." I pointed them to the bullet-hole in the little later Mr. Burnett came with a carriage for Nelly and Kate. They left the house in high glee, laughing at me and my matter-of-fact escort, who attended to his business first before even the pleasure of the Governor's ball.

When I was fully dressed and saw that I had yet a half-hour to wait before Mr. Good.

"Yes, go, if you care to," said father, laughing, "Mary and I will stand gusrd."
So we went to the Governor's ball, after all. It was pleasant and enjoyable, no doubt, but I don't remember much of it. It was greatly like a dream. I was glad when it was over. Only the ride there and back seemed too short. Yet, I shall never forget it through all my lifetime. For it was from that ride that I knelt down at my bedside that night and thanked the good God for better the property was not a simple me the priceless. stowing upon poor simple me the priceless love of such a man as John Goodwin. - N. Y.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in several newspapers printed in the province of Silesia, Germany: "My betrethment with Miss Edith Porwine now, I thought.

Then I stood before the glass arranging and rearranging the flowers in my hair. I had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in United States, I honor myself by here by publishing, in stead of making any special annour sement. Liegniz, No-

## The Mentor Compact.

When professional or political di-plomatists are about to negotiate an im-portant treaty, they do not take all the world into their confidence as to the proposed terms, por do they sit with open doors for the benefit of eaves-droppers. The cool heads are together privately, and try to drive the best possible bargain for their respective sides.

Now, it is alleged that when Corling, Grant, Cameron and Le to Mentor there was no secretary and all their proceedings were above and Grant appears as a witness to this fact on behalf of one of the contracting parties, and a personal friend of Gartield, who claims to have been present, testifies to the same effect on behalf of the other party.

This volunteer testimony does not touch the real point in dispute. It goes all around it. Nobody pretends or has pretended that Mr. Conkling and his followers went to Mentor to make a treaty openly with Garfield. That is not the way such business is done.

Their presence at Mentor was a ratification of an averagement which had

fication of an arrangement which had been previously made and accepted, and the terms of which had been sub-stantially dictated by Mr. Conkling as the leader of the Stalwarts. Without such a compact, Mr. Conkling would never have taken part in the campaign in the West, nor would the Grant faction have come to the front, as the

chiefs all finally did. The external facts leave no doubt as to the nature of this bargain, the exact terms of which remain to be revealed.
Garfield was nominated at Chicago as a
compromise to beat Grant. Personal
antagonisms prevented the nomination of either Blaine or Sherman, and their strength was utilized up to the critical moment in holding the lines tightly until Blaine gave the signal for the di-

version which succeeded. This was no sudden stroke, as has been supposed. It was a contingency foreseen and provided for at Washing ton weeks before the Convention met While Blaine had, as all candidates have, hopes of being nominated by one of the impulses that often sweep over conventions—such, for instance, as nominated Lincoln in 1860—still he knew the chances were against him, and, like a shrewd politician, he sought to make the most of a bad situation by defeating his rivals and putting up a new man over their heads.

Blaine nominated Garfield. Grant's defeat was made doubly bitter by the methods used to effect it, and especially was it hateful to Conkling, from his old-time feud with Blaine. The selection of General Arthur for the second place, intended as a peace offering by those who proposed it, had no influence in soothing his resentment.

The leaders returned to Washington,

where the first public meeting was held to ratify the nomination. Garfield addressed it, and though Mr. Conkling was within sight of the spot where it took place, neither he nor Mr. Cameron had a hand in the affair. Logan went from curiosity to see the expected and actual failure, and was literally

dilemma, after the adjournment of Con-gress. Gartield appealed to Simon Cam-date Garfield, Mr. Blaine, and the leader gress. Gartield appealed to Simon Cameron for advice and aid. They met at Harrisburg by agreement, and went together to Pittsburgh. What occurred on that journey is only known by the developments since then come to light. Subsequently, Garfield came to New York to hold a conference with the National Committee in regard to the desperate situation of the party. The outlook was cheerless, and the campaign had opened with gloom. The Grant men had made no sign. Jewell's committee met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Garfield naturally went there, and Mr. Conkling was established on the same floor with him. Mr. Conkling Mr. Conkling was established on the same floor with him. Mr. Conkling made it a point neither to pay Garfield the cheap compliment of a visit nor to attend the conference, and this was published all over the country. This was the welcome he extended to the zens only desirous for the welfare and the conference are the contributions of patriotic private citizens only desirous for the welfare and the conference are the contributions of the welfare and the conference are the contributions of the welfare and the conference are the contributions of the welfare and the conference are the contributions of the conference are the conference a

it reasonable to suppose that Mr. Conk-ling would have suddenly emerged from his seclusion, put aside his anger and assumed the actual conduct of the Presidential canvass without some ex-traordinary inducement? Or that after treating Garfield with contempt he would have gone out of his way to visit would have gone out of his way to visit Mentor unless there was an agreement which gave him the assurance of control?

Any other theory, as human nature is constituted, and as politicians go, would be absurd. The third-termers never would have budged from their pression, "Hunt the rascals down!" to would be absurd. The third-termers never would have budged from their position of passive hostility until a guarantee had been given which put them in the ascendant. Of course Mr. them in the ascendant. Of course Mr. them in the ascendant with the most part with a feeling of shame, how this utterance of Grant's was interpreted utterance of Grant's was interpreted. did not expect him to execute a political deed before a Commissioner in due form, with witnesses, and send it to Utica. But he took very good care before he em-barked in the business of making Garfield President to be sure of the outoriginally invited old Simon Cameron to be his intermediary, and Mr. Conkling was quite willing to adopt a negotiator who, in protecting the interests of his own clan, was bound by necession ty to see that the third-termers had all they desired.

hazard the opposition of the third-termers. But he will scarcely venture to take that responsibility. He is in a tighter place than Mr. Lincoln was in to take that responsibility. He is in a tighter place than Mr. Lincoln was in making up his Cabinet. Lincoln not only did not desire to appoint Simon Cameron to any department, but he disliked him, and after a short experience dismissed him from the War Office. But Lincoln's friends had made a committal which he felt himself hour lin honor to carry out, though in change. boun ! in honor to carry out, though in I change.

no way a party to it. In this agreement from which retreat is im sible without dangers that he hardly dare to face.—N. I. Sun.

The Impregnable Democratic Party.

Nothing astonishes the Republican so much as the constant and impregnable solidity of the great Democratic party of the American Union. What if it be unsuccessful in regaining the Executive branch of the Federal Gov ernment, each election for Federal or cers since 1840 has shown it to be the cers since 1840 has shown it to be the majority of the whole Union when all the States have voted. The recent election is no exception to this rule. This is the more remarkable when we consider the odds against it. Take the recent campaign as an example. Pirst—The acting President and all his Cabinet officers, with many Bureau officers, were on the stump, thus notifying all the officials under them, 100,000 of them, to do likewise. Second—These officers were assessed from the highest to the lowest, and the large sum collected was added to contributions of hundreds of thousands of dollars from the National Banks, from the colossal corporations and monopolies the suck the life-blood of the people, and from private individuals and candidates for office. In single Congressional Districts it is stated that from \$50,000 to \$60,000 have been expended to elect the Republican nominee. Third—Through the Northern States the Republicans have long been in power, and every office-holder under these States Governments is simply a Republican partisan, while ex-Governors, Congressmen and ex-Congressmen, in many cases men whose sole title to consideration is in "that strong spell—a name," because of the positions they have had cases men whose sole title to consideration is in "that strong spell—aname," because of the positions they have had as rewards for partisan service, rather than from any exhibition of intellect or fitness for leadership—pull every wire to keep power. Fourth—Through control of the ballot-box through Supervisors, and New York Marshals, through restrictions on manhood suffrage in ors, and New York Marshals, through restrictions on manhood suffrage in some States, and false registration and colonization of voters in others; with all the appliances for fraud reduced to a science through long practice, and the experience of protected tools, like Davenport, of New York; with all these and many other wonderful combinations, such as Beecher in the embrace of Bob Ingersoll, and Grant in the embrace of George W. Curtis at Island, with the surrender at State of New York to the last year through the treed ity of Kelly and his crutical in these things the grant these things the grant whole Union.

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Executive branch of ty of ernment; could even or been withheld, or he plotted against it, the Denover captured in the throng and made to speak.

Altogether, the nomination fell fist, and the coldness of the Grant faction seemed to make defeat certain. In this dilemma, after the adjournment of Con-

was the welcome he extended to the candidate at his own political fireside, and this was the recognition he offered to the committee representing all the States and charged with the responsibility of the campaign.

In view of this condition of things, is shoulder to shoulder. Purge the ranks it reasonable to suppose that Mr. Conk- of traitors; serve a notice on all who

-Boston Post. -If the organs had taken a contract to make General Garfield ridicuand how he meant it to be interpreted and how he meant it to be interpreted. If Garfield's is to be interpreted in the same way, it means to "hunt the small rascals down" and let the big rascals, the rascals in high official station, the rascals enjoying his friendship and patronage and protection, escape. Do the organs want this interpretation put upon General Garfield's words? If they do not, the less they say about Grant's famous—or infamous—manifesto the better.

better. In 1876 the Republican papers all over the country were quite sure that an immense fraudulent vote had been That the negotiation was complete, and the terms of it satisfactory, is made plain by the visit of Conkling, Grant, Cameron and Logan to Garfield. A great pressure will be brought to bear upon Garfield to break the bond and bazard the opposition of the third-

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